



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

PUBLISHED BY N. WHITING.

No. 17.

NEW-HAVEN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1824.

VOL. IX.

PALESTINE MISSION.

FROM THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

JOURNAL OF MR. FISK.

On the 29th of September, 1823, Mr. Fisk, accompanied by Mr. Wolff, visited Shanfi and Bzomer. The latter place is about one hour N. E. of the former, upon an elevated summit. It is the residence of the Armenian Catholic Patriarch, named Gregory, and is rather a theological seminary, than a convent. About 20 young men were there, pursuing studies preparatory to the ministry. They were represented as studying Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Metaphysics and Theology; but chiefly in books translated from Latin and Italian into the Armenian language; though some learn the Turkish and Arabic, and a few the Latin and Italian. Mr. F. thus praises the institution.

I have seen no convents so good or so neat as this; nor have I, in any of the monastic establishments that I have visited, met with men of equal talents and acquisitions. They are clever, enterprising and persevering. They made many enquiries about the expense that would attend the purchase and establishment of a press. From their inquiries I infer that the establishment of a press is a part of their plan.

Tripoli.

The next day Messrs. Fisk, Wolff and King set out for Tripoli, which stands near the foot of Mount Lebanon, where they arrived on the 2d of October. The place was supposed to contain about 15,000 inhabitants, of whom 400 or 500 were Greeks, a few were Maronites, and a few Jews. The rest were Mussulmen.—From the terrace Mr. F. counted 11 minarets.

Oct. 4. At half past nine we left Tripoli, rode over a plain, and ascended the mountains, till we reached a lofty summit, with a valley before us, which I cannot better describe, than by calling it a frightful chasm in the earth.—We dismounted, and descended literally by winding stairs, nearly to the bottom of the ravine, and then, after various windings and gentle ascents among shrub-oaks, we reached the

Convent of Mar Antonius at Khoshiah, situated on the side of an almost perpendicular mountain. We were nine hours on our way from Tripoli to the convent. It is a Maronite establishment, and contains about 100 monks. They seemed dirty, stupid and ignorant. One of the priests told me, that not more than one fourth of the whole number can read. They have a press in the convent, and print their church books in Syriac and Carshun. The books are printed and bound by the monks. I could not learn from them that they had printed the Bible, or any part of it, except in the form of church lessons. We asked the superior of the convent something about his belief in the Scriptures, and he said,—“I believe what the *Church* believes.” He then inquired about our faith, and we replied,—“We believe what the *Bible* teaches.”

I learn from the Superior that the Maronites baptize in the same manner as the Syrians.—In administering the Lord's Supper, they give wine only to the priests; to the other monks and the common people bread alone. He says, the Armenian Catholics administer it in the same manner, while the Greek Catholics administer it in both kinds to all the communicants. He thought the English baptized in the blood of a dove; and one of the priests said, that Paul before his conversion was a Pagan!

In the evening we had a long dispute with several of the priests and monks. Our subject was, the marriage of Bishops. We showed them 1 Tim. iii. 2, “The husband of one wife.” They asserted that the language was not the same in the Romish edition. We urged them to produce a copy and examine it, but could not induce them to do so. We then showed them 1 Tim. iv. 1—3. One of them, without reading the whole passage said, “You see it says, *forbidding to marry.*” We showed him from the first verse, that the prohibition proceeds from those, who “give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.” While we were discussing this and other topics, one of the monks took Mr. Wolff out and said to him privately, “I perceive that you are right, and I wish to go with you.” Probably, however, he was influenced by mere worldly motives, being discon-

tented with his present situation and hoping to be more comfortable with us.

The printing establishment is small, and has been in existence 17 or 18 years. A monk went to Europe, learned the art, returned, made a press, cast the types, and taught others to print. He is now dead, but the business is carried on by others.—Towards night, on the 6th, Mr. Fisk and his companions left Khoshiah for Canobin, the residence of the Maronite Patriarch.

We first ascended a very steep mountain, and then descended one of the steepest I ever attempted to pass. The road turns so often as nearly to double the distance, and yet it is almost impassable. We often crossed narrow ways with a stupendous precipice above us of immense rocks piled up almost perpendicularly, and a similar one below us.

Mr. Fisk thinks the number of convents on Mount Lebanon to be as follows :

Greeks,	-	-	-	10
Syrian Catholics,	-	-	-	2
Armenian Catholics,	-	-	-	3
Greek Catholics,	-	-	about	20
Maronites,	-	-	about	65
				—
				100

Almost all the Christian inhabitants are Maronites, whose number their Patriarch estimates at from 100 to 150,000.

Cedars of Lebanon.

7. Taking a guide, we set out for the Cedars, going a little S. of E. In about two hours we came in sight of them, and in another hour reached them. Instead of being on the highest summit of Lebanon, as has sometimes been said, they are situated at the foot of a high mountain, in what may be considered as the arena of a vast amphitheatre, opening to the W. with high mountains on the N. S. & E. The cedars stand on five or six gentle elevations, and occupy a spot of ground about three-fourths of a mile in circumference. I walked around it in 15 minutes. We measured a number of the trees. The largest is upwards of 40 feet in circumference. Six or eight others are also very large, several of them nearly the size of the largest. But each of these was manifestly two trees or more, which have grown together, and now form one. They generally separate a few feet from the ground into the original trees. The handsomest and tallest are those of two or three feet in diameter, the body straight, the branches almost horizontal, forming a beautiful cone, and casting a goodly shade. We measured the length of two by the shade, and found each about 90 feet. The largest are not so high, but some of the others, I think, are a little higher. They produce a conical fruit in shape and size like that of the pine. I counted

them and made the whole number 389. Mr. King counted them, omitting the small saplings, and made the number 321. I know not why travellers and authors have so long and so generally given 28, 20, 15, 5, or 7 as the number of the cedars. It is true, that "of those of superior size and antiquity," there are not a great number; but then there is a regular gradation in size, from the largest down to the merest sapling. One man of whom I inquired, told me that there are cedars in other places on Mount Lebanon, but he could not tell where. Several others to whom I have put the question, have unanimously assured me that these are the only cedars which exist on the mountain. They are called in Arabic *Ary*. The Maronites tell me that they have an annual feast which they call the Feast of the Cedars. Before seeing the cedars, I had met with a European traveller who had just visited them. He gave a short account of them, and concluded with saying, "It is as with miracles; the wonder all vanishes when you reach the spot."—What is there at which an infidel cannot sneer? Yet let even an infidel put himself in the place of an Asiatic passing from barren desert to barren desert, traversing oceans of sand and mountains of naked rock, accustomed to countries like Egypt, Arabia, Judea, and Asia Minor, abounding in the best places only with shrubbery and fruit trees; let him, with the feelings of such a man, climb the ragged rocks, and pass the open ravines of Lebanon, and suddenly descry among the hills, a grove of 300 trees such as the cedars actually are, even at the present day, and he will confess *that* a fine comparison is Amos ii. 9, "Whose height was as the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks." Let him after a long ride in the heat of the sun, sit down under the shade of a cedar, and contemplate the exact conical form of its top, and the beautiful symmetry of its branches, and he will no longer wonder that David compared the people of Israel, in the days of their prosperity, to the "goodly cedars." Psalm lxxx. 10. A traveller, who had just left the forests of America, might think this little grove of cedars not worthy of so much notice, but the man who knows how rare large trees are in Asia, and how difficult it is to find timber for building, will feel at once that what is said in Scripture of these trees is perfectly natural. It is probable that in the days of Solomon and Hiram there were extensive forests of cedars on Lebanon. A variety of causes may have contributed to their diminution and almost total extinction. Yet, in comparison with all the other trees that I have seen on the mountain, the few that remain may still be called "the glory of Lebanon."

From the cedars Mr. F. and his company returned west to Besharry, distant about one

hour. This is a village E. of Khoshiah and S. of Ehden. Ehden and Besharry are represented as healthy and delightful places for a summer residence.

Snow of Lebanon.

8. Left Besharry early in the morning for Balbec. Passed near the cedars, and then ascended the mountain east of them. We saw on our left hand, what I take to be the highest summit of Lebanon. It has often been asserted that there is snow on Mount Lebanon during the whole year. We wished to ascertain the fact. As the heat of summer was now past, we concluded that if we could find snow in October, it was not likely to be wanting at any season of the year. On reaching the summit of the mountain, therefore, we left the road, and turned north, in a direction which our guide said would carry us to snow. After riding without a path, and over very bad ground for about an hour, we came to a little valley opening to the south east, in which the snow was about two feet deep. In another valley near it, there was a still greater quantity. In the course of the day we saw snow at a distance in several other places. I strongly suspect, however, that mariners often mistake the white rock of the mountain for snow. At only a short distance it has precisely the same appearance.

Returning from the snow to the road, we pursued our way down the mountain to Ain el Ata (the fountain of Ata) where is a fountain of good water, and the ruins of an old village.

Two or three hours from Ain el Ata brought our travellers to Diar el Ahmar, or Red Village, a little, miserable place, where the good natured people allowed them to select, for their lodging-place, the house that suited them best.—The earth was the floor, and the bushes the roof of it.

There is a church here, a small, dark, damp apartment; and a priest, who is old, infirm, stupid and ignorant, and, like his parishioners, lives in a shed, which an American farmer would hardly consider suitable for his flocks.

Ruins of Balbec.

Balbec is now a ruinous village, containing about 200 human dwellings. There are a few families of Greek Catholics, the only Christians in the place. With them we lodged, and before parting, gave them several copies of the Scriptures. The great body of the inhabitants are Metonalis, who are numerous in the adjacent parts. They are Mussulmans of the sect of Ali, like the Persians. They are numerous at Tyre, and are found in some places on Mount Lebanon. Balbec is now governed by an Emir, who is only 19 or 20 years old. He had long been at war with an uncle, who had command of some village or district in the vicinity. The day that we arrived at

Balbec, they had an interview, by desire of the Emir, and pretended to make peace. The Emir conducted his uncle into Balbec in the afternoon with great pomp. His horsemen to the number of more than 100 pranced their Arabian steeds about the plain, and fired their muskets and pistols in the air; and the women came out of the village to meet them with songs and instruments of music. In the evening we heard that on reaching his dwelling, the Emir had quietly put his uncle in chains. What was to follow, we did not learn. The Metonalis have the reputation, among the other inhabitants of the country, of being treacherous, thievish, robbers, and in a word, a lawless banditti.

Fearing some exactions from the Emir and his subjects, the travellers left Balbec before day on the 10th, guided by the stars.

Zahle, at which they arrived about one o'clock, is a finely situated village, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, containing not far from a thousand families, chiefly Christians. They next visited Mar Ephraim, a Syrian convent, on the other side of the mountain, in a south direction.

Messrs. Fisk and King returned to Antoorra on the 16th. Four days after, Mr. Fisk, in company with Mr. Jowett, again visited Bzomar, and sold to the Armenians 50 Testaments and five Bibles. Oct. 22d Mr. Fisk terminated his residence at Antoorra, and returned to Beyrout, where, on the 25th, he sold 400 Psalters to a Catholic, who purchased to sell again.

JOURNAL OF MR. KING.

Ruins of Tyre.

On the 6th Oct. our travellers spent some time in surveying the ruins of Tyre.

We set out from the north side of the village, and rowed some distance from land around the west end of the island to the south side, till we came near the neck, which now joins the island to the main land. Then we returned, keeping a little nearer to the land, though we could not approach very near on account of the waves which ran high, and the rocks and shoals with which the island is surrounded. (I say *island*, referring to what it was formerly.)

During our excursion, we saw a vast number of columns, at a considerable distance from the land, and some of them ten or fifteen feet under water. In some places we saw eight or ten lying in a row near each other; and in one place forty or fifty. Of these last, some were above the water, some half under, and others wholly immersed. The shore on the west, in some places, seemed to be lined with them. Those under water, are, for the most part, to be found on the south and the north of the island:

Beyond them, rises above the water what appears, at a distance, to be a rock, or ledge of rocks. Those on the south we went to, and found them to be, evidently, the remains of an ancient wall, the cement of which has become hard as the stones which are joined to it.—Those on the north, we were told, were similar; but our host did not like to go with us, as the waves ran high.

That the island was once of far greater extent than it is now, I have no doubt, both from the appearance of the ancient walls, above mentioned, and from the vast ruins, both of columns and hewn stones, which lie between them and the present island.

That such an immense number of large columns should have been carried and thrown into the sea, merely to get them off from the land, I cannot believe. And had they been transplanted for any military purposes, they would not have been thrown about in such a promiscuous manner. It seems to me most probable, that where the waves of the sea now roll, once stood beautiful and lofty mansions supported by these majestic columns; so that it may be emphatically said, that Tyre "has never been any more," according to the prophecy of Ezekiel.

Though the present village of Tyre is a handsome little village *for this country*, and occupies perhaps half the present island, still, compared with what it was once, it is nothing, either in size or in grandeur.

Suppose that, by some disaster of war, the great city of Paris should be laid in ruins—the trees of her Elysian fields and beautiful gardens, cut down; and the statues, which adorn them, overthrown and broken in pieces—her fountains of water, stopped up—and the royal palaces razed to the ground; and every high house, and every low house mingled in one common ruin; so that it should become a dwelling place for owls, and for satyrs to dance in. Suppose that, in the course of time, a few Frenchmen should build up, out of its ruins, two or three hundred houses, one or two stories high, without taste, without order; and an English or American traveller, who has seen Paris as it now is, should happen to arrive there, without knowing beforehand of its destruction: would he not stand in astonishment, and say, "Paris is no more!"

So no man can read the grand description given of Tyre, by the prophet Ezekiel, (chapters xxviii and xxix,) and then view it as it now is, without confessing, that the Lord of Hosts hath indeed stained the pride of all glory! (Isaiah xxiii. 9th) and that Tyre is no more!

An awful lesson is this to all great mercantile cities, which grow proud of their wealth, and forget the God, who has given them prosperity! One day of indignation from the

Lord may lay all their beauty in the dust, and sweep them from the face of the earth.

FROM THE REV. MR. BRANTLEY'S SERMONS.

A few examples of those who have met death in the natural way, may be brought from the recent history of the church; partly to show that the astonishing fortitude and resignation of martyrs was not the effect of obstinacy made desperate by persecution, and partly to evince that whilst "*Our Rock*" is a shelter against the unnatural rage of a persecuting world, it is also a happy refuge amidst the troubles and perils incident to our natural condition. Many names of high distinction, adorned by men whom ardent virtue hath raised to the skies, might be here enumerated; but we can only select a few who have appeared to us highly deserving commemoration.

The first we name is Dr. John Owen. As a Christian he presents a fair and indubitable specimen of the peculiar resources which religion can afford for the varying occupations of this turbulent life; whilst his death displays that rational and sweet persuasion which can mould the agonies of nature into transport. The period in which he lived was marked in a high degree by turbulence and faction, and the great occasions on which he was called to act, were naturally apt to involve him in the perpetual irritations of controversy, or to drive him on in the pursuits of ambition. Yet amidst this scene of conflict to the baser passions, he carried a soul elevated by frequent meditations on the glory of Christ, and was enabled to meet his last day in the spirit which the following letter breathes:—

"Although I am not able to write one word myself, yet I am desirous to speak one word more to you in this world, and do it by the hand of my wife. The continuance of your entire kindness, knowing what it is accompanied with, is not only greatly valued by me, but will be a refreshment to me, as it is in my dying hour. I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. The passage is very irksome and wearisome through strong pains of various sorts, which are all issued in an intermitting fever. All things were provided to carry me to London to-day, according to the advice of my physicians; but we are all disappointed by my utter inability to undertake the journey. I am leaving the ship of the church in a storm, but while the Great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible that He will never leave us, nor forsake us. I am greatly afflicted at the distempers of your dear lady. The good Lord stand by her, and support and deliver her. My affectionate respects to her and the rest of your relations who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency."

On the morning of the day on which he died, August 24th, 1683, in reply to a friend who called to tell him that he had just put to press the "*Meditations on the Glory of Christ*," which Owen had intrusted to his care, he said, "I am glad to hear it, but, O brother Payne, the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that

glory in another manner, than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world."*

The learned and celebrated Hooker, of the Church of England, has left a dying testimony, which can never be too much admired, both for its cool and dispassionate superiority over death, and its high sense of the true felicity of Heaven.

One day before his death he was observed to be in a profound contemplation, and upon being asked by the attending physician what his thoughts were, he replied, "I am meditating the number and nature of angels, their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven. And O! that it might be so on earth. I have lived to see this earth is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have, by His grace, loved Him in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to Him, and to all men, yet if thou, Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness for his merits who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done."

Selden, the famous lawyer whom Grotius calls the glory of the English nation, was, as Sir Matthew Hale declared, "a resolved, serious Christian." "He had taken a diligent survey of all kinds of learning, and had read as much, perhaps, as any man ever did, and yet at the close of his life he declared to Archbishop Usher, that, notwithstanding he had been so laborious in his inquiries, and curious in his collections, and had possessed himself of a treasure of books and manuscripts upon all subjects, yet he could rest his soul on none save the Scriptures."

"Lord Bacon, who for greatness of genius and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; one might almost say, to human nature itself, was a decided Christian. He possessed at once all the extraordinary talents which were divided among the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which most to admire in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination." The following words of his memorable prayer show his reliance upon "*Our Rock*." "Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples."

It would be easy to swell the list of similar examples from the authentic annals of Christian piety; but we must pass on to some instances which will prove the awful suspense and trepidation that have distinguished the last moments of the more prominent enemies of Christ and his salvation.

The well known Julian, Roman Emperor, furnishes the first instance. He soon formed the design of restoring the Pagan worship in all its ex-

tent and absurdity, and was far more zealous in the service of those rites which exulted in the blood of expiring victims, than his predecessors had been in the peaceful religion of Jesus. Says Gibbon, "Amidst the sacred but licentious crowd of Priests, of inferior ministers and of female dancers, who were dedicated to the service of the temple, it was the business of the Emperor to bring the wood, to blow the fire, to handle the knife, to slaughter the victim, and thrusting his bloody hands into the bowels of the expiring animal, to draw forth the heart, or liver, and to read with the consummate skill of a soothsayer, the imaginary signs of future events." To defeat the prophecies of Jesus, he determined to rebuild, with all its ancient splendour, the temple of Jerusalem. A historian whose testimony, even Gibbon allows to be unexceptionable, says, "whilst Alypius, assisted by the Governor of the province, urged with vigour and diligence the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundations with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place from time to time inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element, continuing in this manner, obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned."

It is generally agreed that he died by the wound of an arrow, whilst prosecuting the war against the Persians, after the short reign of twenty months. Finding himself pierced with the deadly weapon, he received in his hand the warm blood streaming from his heart, and casting it with all his force towards Heaven, exclaimed; "Galilean, thou hast conquered."†

The last moments of Voltaire, the famous infidel of France, and the head of the great conspiracy against religion, were calculated to give a clear proof, that "*His Rock*" deserted him in the day of trouble. It has been asserted by eye witnesses, of the most undoubted character and credibility, that his death bed was a scene of horror, agony, and remorse insupportable to humanity.—He made the most earnest confessions, retracted his impious philosophy, was alternately stupified by the dreadful scene before him, and frantic with the stings of an angry conscience.‡

The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, many of whose writings are calculated to make accomplished miscreants, and who had made a fair experiment, of every proposition for happiness, which this world presents, has left in his own words the humbling fact of his wretched desertion during the decline of his life. These are his words: "When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life either of business, or still more of pleasure, never was, and never will be, a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions, and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish acknowledged errors. I have been as wicked, and as vain, though not so wise as Solomon: but

* Ammianus Marcellinus b. XXI. a primo.

† Aiant, ipsum vulneratum haustum manu sanguinem in cælum jecisse, dicentem, "Vicisti Galilæe." Théodoret, H. III. 25.

‡ This account of the unhappy Voltaire is confirmed by a letter from M. de Luc, an eminent philosopher, and a man of the strictest honour and probity.

* Orme's Memoir of the Life of Dr. Owen.

am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation. Experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expense of some morality. My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse; and my deafness deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illness. This you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of my life, and consequently a tiresome one; but I must own too, that it is a sort of balance to the tumultuous, and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. I consider my present old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say, the sins of my youth. My stay in this world cannot be long: God, who placed me here, only knows when he will order me out of it; but whenever he does, I shall willingly obey his commands. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter. I think I am not afraid of my journey's end; but will not answer for myself, when the object draws very near, and is very sure. For when one does see death near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a serious consideration. The divine attribute of Mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, the attribute of justice which must blend some fears with our hope."

These are the solitary musings of one, who had passed his youth in the accomplished levities of the gay, witty, and fashionable, either amid the brilliant delusions of fascinating scenes, or in examining the homely apparatus of worldly pleasure. Those senses, upon which the world had exhausted its opulence, and those gay dreams in which a thousand fancies had ministered enchantment, could no longer beguile the fact of a sad and suffering condition. He thinks of mercy, but shudders at justice, his only plea has the promise of success, upon the presumption, that mercy may be the stronger attribute of God. He can only expect to escape, when God is brought into variance with himself,

"When everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and chaos judge the strife."

Miserable old age! wretched old man! where is now all thy eloquent trifling about the empty customs of fashionable intercourse? Whither has vanished that splendid scenery, on which you gazed with such delight? Has the music of that pleasure which filled you with such exquisite emotions, died away amidst the apathy of decaying faculties? Are the doors of your tottering tenement now shut at every point, against the admission of your former delights?

ACCOUNT OF A

REMARKABLE SERMON,

Preached in Edinburgh....Related by a Clergyman.

Some time ago, I was sent for to visit a person named Adam Watson, who was thought to be dying. On entering his apartment, I saw a venerable looking old man in a chair, and apparently much distressed from a difficulty in breathing.—

His daughter told me that he was then a good deal fatigued with the exertion of rising out of bed, but that he would be able to speak to me in a little time. Being told who I was, he said to me after a short pause, "I am glad to see you, Sir, and thank you for coming so readily to visit me in this poor habitation." I then asked him a few questions about his bodily health; these he shortly answered, and then said, "You see me, Sir, on the verge of eternity, but I bless God I have no fears of death. I hope I can truly say, 'I know whom I have believed;' and my chief reason for sending for you at present is to help me to praise the Lord for his great and wonderful mercies to me." "What mercies do you mean?" said I.—"I mean his great and wonderful mercies in Christ Jesus. I am now an old man, in my eighty-fourth year, and blessed be his name, I can say I have known the Lord since I was eighteen." "Since you was eighteen! pray did any thing remarkable happen at that time, that you remember it so particularly?" "Yes, yes," said he, "something that I shall never forget while I am able to remember any thing, and for which I shall bless God through all eternity." "May I ask what it was?" "Certainly," he replied, "and when I get a little breath, I shall tell it you with pleasure." After pausing for two or three minutes, he spoke as nearly as I can remember, to the following purpose:

"When I was about eighteen years of age, I happened to be in Edinburgh, following my business. Though I was not addicted to any gross immorality, I was a stranger to true religion. I had something like the form of godliness, but it was nothing but a form. One Sunday I went to the West Church. It was about the time of dispensing the Sacrament, and a minister of the name of Pitcairn was preaching. I shall never forget his text; it was in 1 Pet. ii. 7: 'Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.' The church was exceedingly crowded, and the congregation very attentive. Nothing very particular happened, till about the close of the discourse, when Mr. Pitcairn made a long pause. A dead stillness immediately ensued. Every eye was fixed on him, and several of his hearers seemed to be a good deal agitated. When he resumed his discourse, he spoke, to the best of my recollection, nearly as follows: 'Last night, when I was on my knees before God, pleading with him in the prospect of this day's service, it was impressed on my mind in a very unusual manner, and as if I had heard a voice from heaven, charging me that this day I should make a full and particular offer of Christ to all who hear me; and also, that I should require of them an immediate answer whether they accept the offer or not. I do therefore, in the name of the Most High God, offer to all and every one of you the Lord Jesus Christ, with all his benefits; I offer him to the young and the old, to the rich and the poor, to sinners of every kind and degree; assuring you, that if you accept of him as he is offered in the Gospel, you shall be blessed in time, and blessed through eternity. Well, what do you say? Do you accept of him or not? What answer am I to carry back to him whose servant I am? Consider the matter, and make up your minds.'—On saying this, he sat down in the pulpit, and the most solemn silence followed that ever I witnessed. I was very

much affected, and the tears ran down my cheeks in abundance. My sins crowded into my mind. I saw myself to be a lost and ruined creature, and was enabled to cast myself on Jesus Christ, believing that he, and none but he, could save me. On looking up, I saw many persons in tears around me.

“Mr. Pitcairn continued sitting, I think, about five or six minutes; then rising up, and looking round on the congregation, he said to them with great solemnity, ‘Well, my friends, what is your determination? Are you now willing to obey the command of God, to believe in his Son JESUS CHRIST? Do you accept of the Saviour as he is offered in the Gospel, and give yourselves up to Him, as God hath commanded, that he may wash you in his blood, clothe you with his righteousness, and sanctify you by his Spirit? Or, on the contrary, do you proudly and wickedly reject him? Or, which amounts very much to the same thing, are you resolved to delay this important business to a more convenient season?—Then, in a very earnest and forcible manner, he urged his hearers immediately to accept of Christ, and to comply with the invitations of the gospel. In the name of God he conjured them neither to decline nor to delay so important a duty. ‘Many,’ said he, ‘to whom the same offer was made are now in hell, bitterly lamenting their guilt and folly in rejecting it. And, O! were they permitted now to address you, with what earnestness would they beseech you to beware of what must evidently bring you to that place where they are tormented!’ (Luke xvi 28.) Many of your pious friends and relations who lately worshipped with us in this place, were enabled through grace to accept of Christ, and to give themselves up to him, and are now before the throne; and were they permitted to address you, O! with what earnestness would they join in the exhortation I am now giving you; and beseech you to accept of Christ, that you may by and by be united to their blessed society, and made partakers of their joy.—In this manner did Mr. Pitcairn exhort and beseech his hearers, to comply with the calls of the gospel, and to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ. It was the most solemn season I ever witnessed. It was much spoken of in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, and many dated their conversion from that day.”

The old man added, that he himself knew several persons who were then awakened to a serious and lasting concern about their salvation; and no doubt, as he justly observed, there would be many of whom he had no opportunity of hearing.

I was surprised at the distinctness and animation with which the poor old man narrated the above particulars. His weakness and difficulty of breathing obliged him to stop from time to time, but the whole circumstances seemed to be as fresh in his recollection as if they had lately occurred. As soon as I returned home, I wrote down all I could remember of what he told me; and from the deep impression it made on my mind, I believe that I remembered the greatest part of it. I soon called on him again, but found him greatly worse. He was unable to rise, and though perfectly sensible, he had become so deaf, that it was almost impossible to make him hear. He continued tranquil and resigned to the will of

God; and enjoyed to the last a steady hope in the divine mercy through Jesus Christ.

Wesleyan Meth. Mag.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

We learn from an obliging correspondent, that the Meeting of this body, which was held in the East Parish of Londonderry, on Tuesday of last week, was peculiarly interesting. By a very happy arrangement, the Annual Meeting of the General Association, the New-Hampshire Bible Society, and the New-Hampshire Missionary Society, are holden at one place, on three successive days: and the whole is concluded, by celebrating the love of Christ at his table.

The Meeting of the General Association was opened on the morning of Tuesday. The business conducted with great unanimity. In the afternoon, a discourse was delivered, in its audience, by the Rev. Mr. Rowell, of Cornish, from Psalm lxxxvii. 7. *All my springs are in thee*;—after which a collection was taken up in aid of the fund established for the relief of widows of deceased clergymen in that State. In the evening, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Andover, from 1 John, ii. 20. *Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things.*

On the forenoon of Wednesday, narratives of the state of religion were given by delegates from the various associations in New-Hampshire, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson from Vermont,—the Rev. Messrs. Edwards and Cogswell from Mass.—the Rev. Mr. Mead from Conn.—and the Rev. Dr. Spring of New York, from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. It appeared from these narratives, that the churches in New-Hampshire have not been so abundantly blessed, the past year, with the precious influences of the Holy Spirit, as in some years that have gone before; yet, in several places, the divine blessing has descended, and numbers have been added to the church.—Nearly the same remarks will apply to the state of religion in Vermont, and within the bounds of the Presbyterian church.—In Massachusetts and Connecticut, the year has not been less distinguished by revivals of religion, than most other years.

Our correspondent does not inform us that there was made any mention of the state of our Colleges, in which we believe there is not any revival of religion at the present time, and which therefore cannot but be considered as urgently demanding the prayers of all the people of God. It is gratifying to know, that the members of the body whose doings we are narrating, have sacredly set apart *one hour, between eight and nine, on Saturday evening* of each week, to be observed as a season of special prayer for influences of the Holy Spirit. It is known that this hour is now set apart in many places, and happy would it be, were it thus consecrated in every part of our country.

After the narratives of the state of religion were ended, Dr. Ayres, recently from the colony established at Liberia, was introduced to the audience, and gave a very interesting view of the claims of the people of Africa on our sympathy and our aid;—showing at once the feasibility and the incalculable importance of the objects of the American Colonization Society, both to the bodies and the souls of men.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the Report of the New-Hampshire Bible Society was read by Rev. Dr. Church, and followed by addresses from Rev. Mr. Webster, of Hampton, Hon. John Vose, of Pembroke, Rev. Mr. Edwards, and Rev. Dr. Spring. Rev. Mr. Custis, of Epsom, related an interesting anecdote of the blessings conferred on a sick soldier, in a hospital, by the gift of a Bible. A collection was then taken to aid the objects of the Society.—In the evening, Rev. Dr. Spring delivered a discourse on Sanctification, from John xvii. 17. *Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.*—After this exercise the subject of forming a State Society for the promotion of Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, was introduced; and such a Society was regularly organized on the following day.

On Thursday, A. M. the Annual Report of the New Hampshire Missionary Society was read by the Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Pembroke; from which it appeared, that, though in that State there remains "much land to be possessed," there is yet no ground for discouragement. Many missionaries have laboured the past year in the waste places of the State;—some of them have been blessed with revivals of religion; and four have been settled as pastors of Churches.

In the afternoon of Thursday, a discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Cooke, of Acworth, from Isa. xlv. 22. *Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;* in which he showed the perishing condition of those who have never heard of a Saviour, and the obligations devolving on Christians to spread his Gospel. A collection was taken in aid of the New Hampshire Missionary Society; and the communion was then administered to a numerous body of members of the church—the lower part of the house, which is large, being almost entirely filled with communicants. The scene was peculiarly solemn and interesting.

In the evening of this day a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Green, of this city, from Psalm li. 12, 13. *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation: and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways: and sinners shall be converted unto thee*—after which a recapitulation of the narratives of the state of religion in New Hampshire was read by Rev. Mr. Hill of Mason.

"The Lord," says our informer, "was manifestly present by the influences of his Spirit. These were good days, we trust, to the souls of many,—especially to the Ministers of Christ, of whom a large number were present. The audience was silent and peculiarly attentive to the discourses and the Reports, many of which made a very deep impression, and, we confidently believe, will, to some, at least, be as the good seed sown on good ground. We should not envy the man his feelings, who would not rejoice and bless God for such a scene as this. Christian love seemed to pervade every bosom; and the religious enjoyment of this precious meeting seemed to be, as it were, a-foretaste of those joys, when the redeemed will meet together from the four corners of the earth on Mount Zion, 'with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.'"—*Telegraph.*

LOSS OF THE SHIP FAME.

A letter from Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, late Governor of Bencoolen, giving an account of the destruction of this vessel by fire, has been publish-

ed. As it contains a very interesting narrative of the providential escape of all on board, we copy a considerable portion of it.

The party had embarked with the fairest prospects on their return to England, and just after they had retired for the night, they were roused by an alarm of fire. The ship had gunpowder on board, which added to the consternation. In great haste the passengers and crew took to the boats, a sick man on board very narrowly escaping the flames.

All being safely transferred—the letter proceeds:

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass, but we had no light but from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we estimated to be from 20 to 30 miles in a S. W. direction, there being no landing place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow in a N. NE. course as well as we could, no chance, no possibility being left that we could again approach the ship, for she was now one splendid flame fore and aft and aloft.

"You may judge of our situation without further particulars; the alarm was given at about 10 minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames. There was not a soul on board at half past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

"My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out a long boat, or make a raft, all we had to rely upon were two small boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident, and in these two small open boats without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the wide ocean, thankful to God for his mercies. Poor Sophia having been taken out of bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings; the children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short there was not time for any one to think of more than two things—Can the ship be saved? No; let us save ourselves then; all else was swallowed up in one great ruin.

"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore; she continued to burn till about midnight, when the salt petre, of which she had 250 tons on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that was ever seen illuminating the horizon in every direction to an extent of no less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is, of all others, most luridly horrible. She burnt and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke.

"Neither Nelson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend, who had accompanied us, had saved their coats, the tail of mine with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm; and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths.—Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again—the night became serene and starlight. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully—they rowed incessantly and with good heart and spirit, and never did poor mortals look out more for day light and for land than we did.

"At daylight we recognized the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits, and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. About eight or nine o'clock, we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads; they had seen the flame on shore, and sent out vessels in all directions to our relief, and here certainly came a Minister of Providence, in the character of a Minister of the Gospel, for the first person I recognized was one of our Missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment, and shelter from the sun.

"By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock we landed safe and sound, and no words of mine can do justice to the expression of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting that my administration had been satisfactory, here we had it unequivocally from all; there was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised.'

"But enough; and I will only add, that we are now greatly recovered, in good spirits, and busy at work in getting ready made clothes for present use, and with the exception of a bruise or two, and a little pain in the bones from fatigue, we have nothing to complain of."

By the burning of this ship all the materials which Sir Thomas had prepared for illustrating the Geography and History of Sumatra, and the neighbouring islands,—with all his drawings, and collections in every department of natural history, besides his property to a very large amount, were destroyed. "All, all," says he, "has perished; but thank God our lives have been spared, and we do not repine."—*N. Y. Rel. Chron.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, SEPTEMBER 25, 1824.

The Treasurer of the United Foreign Missionary Society acknowledges the receipt of \$455 83 in the month of August.—The Rev. Darius O. Griswold has also collected in New-Jersey the following sums; from the first Church in Elizabethtown \$103; from the second Church 114; in Springfield, 26 75; in Morristown, 129 34; in Mendham, 34 74; in Newark, 249 90; from individuals in several places, 23 25.

A Teacher is wanted for the Missionary Station at Mackinaw. It is necessary that he should be in communion with some Christian Church, and have the requisite qualifications for conducting a large Indian School. Application can be made to Z. S. Lewis, Esq. Missionary Rooms, New-York.

At a late meeting of the Boston Baptist Association, a Delegation of seven brethren was appointed to meet delegates from other Baptist Associations in that State, for the purpose of forming a State Convention. The meeting will be held in the first Baptist Meeting House in Boston on the 2d. Wednesday of November. Dr. Bolles of Salem, in his remarks upon this subject observed, "that by acting in concert with Missionary Societies, foreign and domestic, already established, Education So-

cieties, Tract Societies, &c. many more benevolent designs might be effected than are now effected. Especially would the Convention necessarily, in its extensive action, bring forward our brethren in remote sections of the country to sympathize more fully in the work of Missions, and in the promotion of the cause of vital religion."

SALUDA ASSOCIATION.

The Saluda Baptist Association of South Carolina, at their meeting in August, recommended the observance of the second Wednesday of November next as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. The special reasons which caused this recommendation are, the drought which prevails in that part of the country and the great agitation existing in relation to the choice of the next President of the United States.

SLAVERY IN ILLINOIS.

Some of the inhabitants of Illinois have been desirous of introducing the slave system into that State; and the question of calling a Convention for the purpose of altering the Constitution with a view to the introduction of slaves has been submitted to the people. By a very considerable majority they have refused calling the Convention, and we suppose the question is at length finally settled. This decision of the people of Illinois is favourable to the happiness of themselves and of their posterity, and must be grateful to all the friends of humanity.

The Legislature of Ohio has passed a law by which it is made the duty of a master, at the expiration of the service of an apprentice, to furnish him "with a new Bible, and at least two suits of common apparel."

Dr. Ayres, agent of the American Colonization Society for West Africa, acknowledges, Sept. 14th, 1824, the receipt of \$433,83 from different parts of New-England.

ORDINATION.

On the 15th. ult. HENRY WILLIAM DUCACHET, M. D. was admitted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold, of Rhode-Island, to the Holy Order of Deacons. The religious services were performed in St. Michael's Church, Bristol, R. I.

ACADEMIC RECORD.

At the Commencement of Williams College on the 8th instant, fifteen young gentlemen were admitted to the degree of A. B. and nine alumni of the College, to that of A. M.

The Honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on the Hon. Elijah H. Mills, and on the Hon. Levi Lincoln, and that of D. D. on the Rev. Nathan S. Beman, of Troy, N. Y.

The last American Missionary Register gives a striking instance of the benevolence of some Indian females. The Rev. William Potter, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Creek Path, addressed a letter, under the date of July 1st, 1824, to Mr. Lewis, Secretary of the United Foreign Missionary Society, of which the following is an extract.

"DEAR SIR,

"This will be handed to you by Mr. Samuel Hazard, who has in charge nine dollars and ninety-five cents from the *Female Benevolent Society* of this place, who wish to have it devoted to the Osage Mission on the Arkansas.—The Society is composed entirely of natives, with the exception of Mrs. Potter. When the designation of their unite was made, the motion was offered by a Cherokee

woman, a member of the church, who observed, 'The Bible tells us to do good to our enemies, and I believe the Osages are the greatest enemies the Cherokees have.'

It is further stated, that "in the sum mentioned is included a *half guinea*, which was presented to the Society by the celebrated Catharine Brown not long before her death."

There appears to be a prospect of a general peace among the Western Indians, and all apprehensions of a war between the Osages and the United States, have been, for the present, entirely removed. Six Indians who were concerned in an attack on a party of whites have been sent in irons to Little Rock, to be delivered to the civil authorities of our government in that part of the Union. The Mission of the Pawnee Mahaws to the Osages, gives reason to expect that peace between these tribes may be secured, and it may be reasonably hoped that amid this general pacification, the prospects of the Indian Missions will grow brighter and brighter.

GREAT OSAGE MISSION.

The Am. Mis. Register gives intelligence from the Mission up to the date of June 25th, 1824. Mr. Pixley in a letter to the Foreign Secretary, mentions an interview which he had with more than twenty of the Pawnee Mahaws, who reside near the heads of Kansas and Arkansas Rivers, at a distance from the Missionary station, of about three hundred miles.

They came with a desire to prepare the way for a treaty of peace with the Osages. They travelled on foot, covered with their Buffalo robes. The Osages met them in the Prairie, riding upon their horses, at full speed, with long cudgels in their hands. The poor Mahaws appeared to be exceedingly affrighted, and their first salutation was suppliant, and to me affecting beyond description—first with gentle shake and pressure of the hand, and then with their arm around the neck, bringing you gently to their bosoms. They were then surrounded by the Osages, and conducted to their Town, where the ceremonies of a friendly reception were performed. There is a class among the Indians, called the *Cheshoes*, whose lodges are sacred as respects the stranger and the enemy who can find their way into them—not very dissimilar to the ancient city of refuge. That they may pass safely through the Town, and mingle with the rest of the people, a ceremony is to be performed by another class, called *Punkaws*. When the strangers are seated, the Punkaws take about a tea spoonful of water, and put it into their mouths. This having been thrice repeated, a small portion of food is applied in the same manner; and another person comes forward with oil to anoint their heads, feet, and limbs. They are then considered as free to go where they please among the people, none, however great their enmity, daring to violate this national pledge of faith, while the strangers remain within their limits. Sometimes, however, they follow and kill them when beyond their limits; and this is considered lawful, if a full and perfect peace be not established.

I cannot here but suggest how useful a single good man in each of the Tribes might be. Living among the people, and having a good man for an interpreter, he would find his facilities for communication easy, and his means for settling difficulties among the Tribes enlarged. The benefits

which might thus be diffused by the influence of good men, can hardly come within the bounds of calculation.

JOURNAL OF MR. MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery of Harmony, has resided for a number of months with the brethren at Union, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the Indian language. At this latter place he "obtained some valuable translations, and had the satisfaction of assisting the brethren who are studying the language in commencing their Indian settlement." The formation of this settlement, which is called "Hopefields" and which we have noticed in a former number, promises to be an important era in the history of the Osage Missions. Mr. Montgomery observes that the fact that "seven respectable men, with their families, have left the village, and associated themselves with the Missionaries, from a declared preference of civilized life, cannot but make some impression on the minds of the Indians; whilst the degree of steadfastness and skill which they have manifested in their work, and their peaceable and orderly deportment, go far towards evincing the practicability of converting the Osages into an agricultural and civilized people."

Mr. M. gives the following account of some of the customs and prejudices of the Osages.

A half breed of another tribe, who speaks French and a little English, seeing me conversing with an old man, said to me, "you may as well talk to a big buffalo—it is not possible to make the Osages good." In the afternoon held an interesting conversation with a man, whom we call Gaius, and his wife, respecting the death of several of their relatives, and the rites which they observed during the mourning. It is customary with the Osage women, in the first paroxysms of grief, to cut off their hair, mutilate their ears, and put off their good clothes, and for several mornings and evenings to make loud lamentations. The men differ from them only by letting their hair grow. In this case, the wife's mother had died last September, and the mourning was continued till a few weeks ago. The ceremony by which it was terminated, cost them all the goods and provisions which they could collect through the winter. An American, who witnessed it, estimated the expense at not less than one hundred and fifty dollars. Like all other Heathens, the Osages are subject to many absurd and highly oppressive customs. The following is a specimen. There are in the villages in this quarter, about thirty large bunches of feathers, the possessor of any one of which, carrying it in state to any lodge which he may choose, has the privilege of taking, as his own, all the property he can find. This can be done only once by the same individual, and the party suffering, has the right of reimbursing himself from some other lodge.

The Osages are generally suspicious and unreasonable in their sentiments towards the Americans. N. O. complains that their annuity is very small, and asks "When do you not get water, wood, and many other things off the land which we sold you. We give you these things in the spring, summer, fall, and winter, but you pay our annuity only in the summer." Many of his objections, however, are evidently made merely to exhibit his ingenuity, and he never departs from the air of the utmost gentleness and good humour.

Sub. May 15.—Br. Pixley arrived early this

morning, not having been able to find the path through the bottom in the night. I am again favoured with letters from my dear relatives, and rejoice to hear that the Lord is visiting my native place with the influences of his Spirit, and calling many of my old friends and neighbours into the fold of his grace. Enjoyed several opportunities of reading and talking to individuals, and small groups, but did not succeed in obtaining the aid of the Interpreter for holding a formal meeting, and did not think it prudent to attempt it in his presence without his concurrence. In the evening was pained to hear a doctor blowing and spouting over a sick woman in an adjoining lodge.

In our intercourse with these people, we often meet with very ingenious and even just sentiments. Our friend, Nunke Oharke, observed to-day, that "it was easy for us to say we pitied them, but really to do it was difficult. For Indians to tell lies was nothing, but for white people to do so, was very bad." Once he asked, very gravely, "What among worldly things, laying religious things aside, afforded us the greatest degree of happiness?" The pleasantness of this man's disposition, and the gracefulness of his deportment, would bear comparison with those of the most amiable characters in civilized society. O that his mind were enlightened and sanctified by the grace of God! The old man with whom I conversed yesterday at the village, came here on a visit; and in relating to us the traditions of the Osages, stated very distinctly the account of the creation of man, and the circumstance of the woman's formation from one of his ribs, which he had certainly very recently heard. Thus liable are Indian traditions to variation. The circumstance, however, ought to excite us to bestow very particular pains on the old men, and evince how readily the stream of superstition and barbarism might be cut off at the fountain head.

May 19.—Find the tediousness of loitering about the trading-house and Indian lodges, very pleasantly, and I hope profitably, relieved by reading parts of the translations obtained during the winter, to such individuals and small companies as are willing to listen. Nothing could be more trying to patience than to spend day after day in the society of the Indians, subject to their incessant begging, and their troublesome manners, merely for the sake of small acquisitions in the language to be used at some future period.

CATARAUGUS.

The school at this station is remarkably flourishing, containing forty-eight Indian children, from six to sixteen years of age. The missionaries in speaking of the children, "earnestly plead with the friends of Missions, that they would do something towards their clothing," and "send forward something to make them comfortable in the ensuing winter." A council of Chiefs has been held to consult respecting the erection of a house of worship, but at present appear strongly inclined to imitate their white brethren in various parts of the country, for "there is a division among them, respecting the site of the building." They are in some measure sensible of the blessings of education for the missionaries say "the Buffalo chiefs have sent seventeen bushels of corn for their children. Our Indians have not yet done so much as was expected. They have brought about twenty bushels of corn, and six small hogs. A few of them are able to do

something for the support of the school; the others are very poor." On the 5th of June, "the Chiefs and Warriors of the Christian party, and some of the Pagan Chiefs, with many women and children, assembled at the Mission-House. After preaching a sermon, Br. Harris proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony, to receive which, seven couple of this interesting people presented themselves. A paper was then signed by fourteen chiefs and warriors, who thus bound themselves to be faithful in observing the marriage contract."

The following extracts from the journal are particularly pleasing.

Sab. July 4.—Our meetings on the Sabbath have, of late, been more interesting, and better attended than formerly—so many have been present that the house where we have met could not accommodate them. For this and some other reasons, the Chiefs have removed the place of meeting to a more commodious building, but nearly two miles further from the mission-house, which renders it very inconvenient for us. We now have to go five miles to meeting. It is probable, a new meeting-house will be commenced soon.

July 5.—We were not a little gratified to notice, last evening, that some of the boys had retired to a room by themselves for prayer. There, supposing they were not heard by us, they fervently offered four prayers to that God, who will not despise the prayers of red children. Almost daily do we hear the sound of some Indian child. Oh! may the prayer-hearing God grant them a true spirit of prayer.

July 9.—It is not unfrequent we see the ideas and feelings of the children expressed on slates and scraps of paper. This morning, I found on my desk a slate, on which was handsomely written, the following sentence, which I copy exactly.

"I want speak some. O, I am sinner against God. God he will punish so wicked folks. O! I fraid when I die I shall go to Hell. O, great deal pain—no stop—no sleep. O, I must pray God please forgive me."

Sab. July 11.—Two more children offered for the school. For the want of more help we are obliged to refuse them for the present.

July 13.—An Alleghany Indian called last evening, and desired to enter two boys in the school. We told him we could not consistently receive them, but we hoped before long, we should be able to take all that should be offered.

July 20.—Our hearts have been much gladdened by a visit from a dear Christian Minister, from the South. He came on Saturday evening, and spent the Sabbath with us, and part of Monday. A number of Indians, and quite a collection of whites assembled at the Mission-House, to hear him preach. His stay with us was indeed an interesting season, and, we trust, profitable to our souls. He had visited other Missionary Stations, particularly Brainerd, and gave much interesting intelligence. Respecting the school at Brainerd, and the general improvement of the Cherokees, he informed our Chiefs, which very much encouraged and animated them. He left the following note, accompanied with a Ten Dollar bill.

"July 19, 1824. Abraham Van Dyck, Esq. of Coxackie, New-York, having presented the writer of this with a small sum for his own use and disposal, he rejoices in this opportunity of expressing a wish, that many hearts may be as highly gratified

as his own, by a visit to this dear mission, and that their hands may be opened to give. In testimony of this, Brother Thayer and his worthy associates will please to accept Ten Dollars.

NICHOLAS PATTERSON."

ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS.

Our readers are aware that the annual meetings of the Religious Societies in London are held during the first fortnight in May. A gentleman who had the pleasure of attending them this year says, it would be quite impossible to give any adequate idea of the interest of their proceedings. The following facts and incidents are selected which are truly encouraging.

Now nothing struck my mind more forcibly, as a delightful sign of the times, than to see noblemen and others of the first rank in the realm, coming forward at the meetings, and declaring in the most pious strain, their anxious desire to hasten forward the Redeemer's kingdom. To begin with the Bible Society. I cannot pretend to describe the effect produced on the meeting by the speech of a noble Earl of the first rank and fortune. He said he wished to bear his testimony to the good effects of Bible Meetings. He knew a young man some years ago, given up to the pleasures of the world, and a stranger to true religion. Seeing an advertisement of a Bible Meeting posted up in Dublin, he was led from curiosity to go to the place where it was held. He felt ashamed to be seen in such a place, and sought out the most secret part of the room. The statements of the speakers arrested his attention, and he soon began to say to himself, "if what these men declare is true, I am a condemned sinner." Conviction increased upon his mind. He hastened home, resolving to read the Bible for himself. He did read—he began to pray—he found out his need of a Saviour; and at length he was led to put his trust in the atoning blood of that Saviour whom the Bible reveals; and that blessed book had since been his support and comfort under the heaviest troubles and afflictions. And then he added, "the person whom I have been describing, has now the privilege of addressing himself to you."—The whole assembly were in tears; and it was impossible not to indulge the hope, that whilst this pious nobleman was so strikingly making known what God had done for his soul, many present might experience with him the blessed effects of attending a Bible Meeting.

It was delightful too to see at the same meeting the President of his Majesty's Council stand up, and in a long, able, and truly pious speech, advocate the cause of the Society. Nor was the least interest excited by the appearance of an Admiral and Peer of France, who came to acknowledge with gratitude the aid rendered to his country, and to request a continuance of it. There was a gallant English Admiral sitting near him—a noble Lord of eminent piety; and many happy allusions were made to the change in their circumstances. Once, they had come in contact to shed blood. They had been opposed to each other in sea engagements. Now they met as friends, and were joining hand in hand to promote peace on earth, good will towards men. Oh! it was impossible to witness such a sight, without feeling a hope, that we are hastening to those happy days,

when men shall sit under their own vines and fig trees in peace; having beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nor must I forget to mention, that Dr. Morrison, the Missionary in China, produced the fruit of his seventeen years' arduous labour—the Scriptures translated into the Chinese language; perhaps the most difficult language in the world.

The receipts of the Society exceed those of the former year; and amount to ninety-seven thousand, seven hundred and eighteen pounds. The issue of Bibles and Testaments is two hundred and ninety thousand, four hundred and ninety-one; being larger than that of any former year.—And abundant evidence was produced, that the Bible Society is proving a signal blessing to the whole earth.

The reports of the various Missionary Societies are highly gratifying. The funds of all are, I believe, very much on the increase. Those of the Church Missionary have exceeded thirty-nine thousand pounds. I could not help wishing, that those persons could have been present at its meeting, who refuse to give their money from a fear that it never gets to the far end, and that no good is doing. An officer in the British Army, just arrived from India, stepped forward for the express purpose of giving his testimony to the good produced in India by the Missionaries, as seen with his own eyes.

And while on the subject of Missions, I cannot help mentioning a striking fact, which I heard related in a sermon. Such has been the success of the Moravians, that the number of their converts is more than three times as large as their own body. Their converts (the greater part of whom are slaves in the West Indies) exceed thirty thousand; while the members of their own church do not exceed ten thousand.

At the meeting of the Naval and Military Bible Society, it was striking to see officers of high rank, men whom one would have thought the last to come forward in such a cause, declare in the most pious, fervent, and eloquent manner, their desire that all our soldiers and sailors might possess that blessed book, which reveals the knowledge of salvation through the Redeemer. Capt. Franklin, well known as an officer in the northern expedition, spoke of the good effects which he had seen amongst his own sailors produced by the scriptures.

The meeting of the Hibernian Society was highly interesting. Its harmony indeed was a little interrupted by a Roman Catholic Barrister, who got up to speak against the Society; but this attack, like most of the efforts to oppose the cause of true religion, was overruled for good. It drew from the Rev. Mr. Irving the most able and interesting reply.

The Hon. Mr. Stanley, heir to the house of Derby, came to the meeting, simply to state that he had last year visited the estates of the noble Earl in Ireland, upon which he found two of the schools belonging to this society; and that he could bear ample testimony to the good that they were doing.

Such is a scanty gleanings of the religious festivals lately held in London. What a scene do they present to our view! A world stirring itself, and awaking to anxious enquiry! Missionaries

and Bibles going forth into all lands! And all classes, from the highest to the lowest, the noble to the peasant, the young and the old, joining together to hasten the Messiah's kingdom!

If in the secret counsels of Jehovah, England is to maintain her present unrivalled greatness, these national charities will prove her best bulwarks; for in proportion as she thus improves her talents for the benefit of more needy nations, may she hope that the eye of Heaven will be upon her for good.

Happy nation! where there is bread enough, and to spare! the bread of life in abundance for all her children; and for Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks throughout the world.

Happy nation! whose efforts and whose desires now accord with the tenor of the prayer, which the little handful of the faithful have long loved to make—"thy kingdom come: thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven!"

FOR THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

DYING COUNSEL.

The following address was made by a young female a short time before her death. She was truly amiable and pious—and was much beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends.

On this thirty-first day of January 1819, I have seated myself (with a heart swallowed up in eternity) with a view to bid farewell to the world. I write in a style as if it were my last words, feeling it to be my duty to prepare for that event. I have been engaged in such meditation, and now proceed to write the genuine feelings of my heart upon bringing that day near to view.

My Dear Brother—Behold your sister placed upon a bed, languishing, scarcely able to address you. I bid you farewell until we meet at the bar of God. In a few days you will close my eyes and convey my body to the friendly tomb. Then you will be the only surviving branch of our parent's family. You will be left solitary and alone. O may you learn to practice our parent's virtues, and shun their imperfections, as well as those of your dying sister who now addresses you. I beseech you not to adopt any thing that you have seen in me that is not expedient. I lament that my example before you has not been better; but you must read the word of God, make it the man of your counsel, and may you ere long become an ornament in the church of Christ. I can cheerfully resign you into the hands of God, trusting that he will glorify himself, and without a murmur bid you a long adieu. My senior relatives—you who have been the protectors of my younger years, I trust that the major part of you have an anchor to the soul both sure and stedfast, to support you under all your trials. Let nothing discourage you;—persevere to the end in all things. I thank you for your kindness to me through my life; and in particular for your attention through my last sickness. Heaven will reward you for your kindness to an orphan. Mourn not for me, but take warning by this event, and remember that time is short—be diligent to prepare for death.—With a smile do I bid you adieu, hoping shortly to meet you all on the shores of bliss, there to spend an eternity in serving God together.—My Dear

Cousins who have arrived to a state of manhood, you see me in the struggles of death. Look back for a moment, and behold us all engaged in social conversation together, and remember that I am the youngest. This is a plain proof that none are exempt from death. Then weep not for me, but take warning by our early separation, and prepare for this great event. My affection for you is great; and was it the will of heaven to spare me yet longer, I should anticipate comfort with you; but since the loan of my life is denied me, I trust I am enabled to bid you farewell with composure. I hope the Lord will not suffer you to stumble at my imperfections, but enable you to take warning by them, and live to his glory here on earth, that we may meet in a happy eternity, there to praise him for evermore. My younger relatives,—Hear the admonition of an affectionate and dying cousin. This cold hand which is now stretched out to bid you a final farewell, will soon be lifeless and immoveable. Soon I shall be unable to address you. You have the advantages of a pious education as well as me. O be grateful to God for this blessing. Consider it to be a pearl of great price. Treasure up the instructions which you daily receive, and may God grant to you his grace to improve them to his glory and your eternal good.—O remember your Creator in the days of youth, that you may be prepared to meet death with a smile.—Dear Children, I bid you farewell, never more to speak to you with mortal breath.—My Dear Christian Friends, you who are more nearly allied to me than by the ordinary ties of nature, I now come to address you—you who prayed for me and admonished me whilst I was engaged in the mad career of worldly pleasure—you who earnestly desired my conversion—you who were ready to rejoice with me at the moment when I trust the Lord was pleased to set my soul at liberty in the gospel—and you who, since I have professed to walk with God, have gently reproved me for my backslidings, and encouraged me to persevere in a christian life with endearing words. I bid you an affectionate farewell. Lament not that we are called to part, for soon shall we meet again. Yes, my friends, I now see you by an eye of faith admitted to those peaceful realms where are pleasures for evermore. Then let not a sigh escape your breasts, but follow on to serve the Lord until you are set free from sin and death. Use every honourable exertion for the spread of the gospel, that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters do the sea. I bless God that he has permitted me to be numbered with you here upon earth, and that he doth now enable me to view my end with so much delight. By grace alone I am thus enabled to contemplate on death without horror. Pray much for the conversion of sinners. I am the subject of your prayers with many others, and God is yet a prayer-answering God. Then take encouragement and persevere. Although I am taken from your number, yet my name is not extinct. The Almighty enrolls the names of all his children in the book of life, where they will never be erased. Adieu, my friends; I am shortly to experience the untried scenes of eternity. My Youthful Friends, you who have been partakers with me in vanity, and who still profess not to know God, hear the dying words of your friend. Behold me a victim to disease and death. The tyrant has now closely con-

finer me in his icy fetters. Here you may see the shortness of time and the certainty of death in a lively picture before you. Look and contemplate. These limbs which were once engaged in the exercises of the world, are almost cold in the embrace of death. This voice, which now with trembling accents addresses you as from the grave, a short time since was ready to exclaim, 'I shall live to a good old age.' Here you may see the uncertainty of all worldly prospects. O then take warning, and lay not up treasures for this world, but prepare for the situation in which you see me placed. May God of his infinite grace grant that you all may be prepared to meet this trying scene. In his hands I leave you—to his mercy I commend you, hoping to see you all again at the bar of God. I now give to you the parting hand, which is almost closed in death. And now, vain world, adieu. No longer will your vanities allure me from my God. No longer will your transitory joys corrode my happiness. Death is about to close my mortal eyes, and free my weary soul from this clog of clay. O happy moment, when my spirit, struggling to be set free, soars above to behold those scenes which are not perceptible to mortals.

COMING TO TOWN.

My country friends frequently commission me to get situations for their sons in mercantile houses in the city. The rage for entering this great mart of nations in the capacity of a merchant's clerk, has finally become so extensive and indiscriminate, that I some time ago ceased my exertions when applied to, and as a standing answer replied to them, that twenty clerks were daily offering, where one was wanted. I have already sometimes ventured to hint, that the Territory of Michigan was as yet but partially settled, that it was rapidly improving, would soon become a state, and offered a handsome prospect for enterprising, intelligent, and industrious young men. Nay, to some whose unfitness for mercantile pursuits was apparent, I have answered in so many words—that they had best cultivate the earth. And this advice I would not hesitate giving to many, whose success in trade might be deemed questionable, from a sense of the high value, health, and independence, which in this country give importance to an agricultural life.

It is not every man who can succeed in mercantile business: and it is not every young man, when fitted by nature and education for such a calling, who should be trusted with the direction of himself, the choice of his company, and the gratification of his appetites, in such a place as New-York. I can look around me and count a hundred young men, who from five to ten years ago, left the home of their childhood, in habits and morals as fresh and untainted as the dew of heaven. No puny pride of dress, nor epicurean tastes debased their minds; and no sense of lascivious guilt or intemperate pleasures, pained their hearts or clouded the frank and modest expression of the eye. Their hearts were warm with whatever we hold estimable in feeling, or elevated in purpose. From the same crowd of young men I can now point to numbers, who have become hardened in shame, and bloated with pride, until there remains scarcely a mark

of former innocence, and scarcely a vestige of moral sensibility.—*N. Y. American.*

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN MOREAU, N. Y.

In a late No. (p. 254) we published from the Western Recorder some account of the Revival in Moreau.—The following is the conclusion of the same Narrative.

In selecting the subjects of his saving grace, God has shown a peculiar sovereignty. From several families whose heads were pious, not one was taken: while from other families in which none were pious, a number have been hopefully converted. In one instance, the two heads of the family, five of their children, one hired man, and two blacks, were brought to cherish the hope, that they had passed from death unto life.

The decline of this work was equally gradual; and the period of its termination, equally uncertain with its commencement. Few conversions happened after the opening of Spring.

The means employed for the commencement of this work, were close preaching, reproving professors for their indifference and inactivity; and exhorting them to prayer and exertion for the salvation of sinners—the appointment of a day of fasting, and humiliation for past unfaithfulness, and of prayer, for a "refreshing from the presence of the Lord;"—likewise, dividing the society into several districts, and appointing a committee of two, to visit each of these districts. The latter was peculiarly beneficial. The committees that went out to visit their brethren, found their employment peculiarly suited to arouse and refresh their own souls. And the event showed that their labours of love were very successful, in awakening and in encouraging their brethren.

The means employed during the progress of the revival, were various. Besides the ordinary services of the Sabbath, we held all those meetings which are common in revivals, such as *anxious-meetings, conferences and prayer meetings*. Frequent visits, both stated and occasional, to the stupid, to alarm them, and to the anxious to direct them, were not the least effectual means. Some means were here employed which would not be proper in a time of stupidity, nor in every place perhaps, in a time of revival: such as that close delineation of character in preaching, which says to *each sinner*, "Thou art the man"—such as plain and direct admonitions and warnings, in private conversation:—such as insisting on a present purpose and *promise*, to seek immediately for an interest in the saving grace of God—and such as requesting those in conference or prayer-meeting, who wish the prayers of God's people for their immediate salvation, to express that wish by *rising*. The two latter means were especially successful. The *promise* was useful in preventing that indecision, that, "halting between two opinions" which ever attends the awakened sinner, when his convictions are not overwhelming. And it served not only to fix the sinner's purpose, but also as a constant excitement to urge him onward in his purpose. *Rising up to request the prayers of God's people* was still more effectual in fixing the purpose, and in securing its fulfilment.

Having thus publicly declared their desire for salvation, sinners felt that they had cut off their retreat, and that their only course was *onward*.—Consequently, many who rose either with reluct-

ance or with comparative indifference, were immediately seized with most agonizing distress, terminating in speedy conversion: while many others left their burden of guilt and sorrow, as they left the seat from which they rose.

The young converts themselves, have been peculiarly useful in promoting the progress of the work. The representations which they gave of their own change, the entreaties they made with their young companions to turn and live, and the assurances they gave of the superior joys of religion, were among the most powerful means of awakening their attention to the salvation of their souls. The early establishment of a prayer-meeting for young converts, laid the foundation for much subsequent activity and usefulness. And at a time when a declension was feared, a 'general conference of the young converts,' in which they resolved to awake to new energy, was the apparent means of giving the work its most powerful impulse.

Since I began to labour in this church, 152 have united with it by profession, and 4 by letter; 13 now stand propounded. With the several Methodist classes in the neighbourhood, I judge that about 60 have united. But as they receive those on trial who do not profess to have yet been born again, I am unable to state how many of these are hopeful subjects of conversion. Fifteen, I am told, have united with the Baptists: And, as near as I can calculate, there are 54 others who entertain hope, but who have not, to my knowledge, made profession of religion.

The church is at present, harmonious and prosperous; and presenting a striking contrast to what it was a few years ago, when rent by animosities and contentions. Heretofore, they had no Sabbath School. Now, five schools, tho' small, are yet in successful operation. Heretofore they had no Bible Association; but lately, one has been established. Heretofore the Monthly Concert was but thinly attended in one or two districts; now it is attended in five districts; and for each of them a charity-box is provided:—And we may hope they will hereafter do much for the spread of the gospel.

Although there are few or no late instances of conversion, the church manifests a zeal and prayerfulness which would seem to indicate, that at no distant season, they would enjoy another "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Such is their hope. Let it be our prayer that they may not be disappointed.

WILLIAM BACON.

August 18th, 1824.

MEMOIR OF A DISTINGUISHED PRELATE OF THE
TWELFTH CENTURY.

ROBERT GROUTHEAD, a learned Bishop of Lincoln, was born at Stow, in Lincolnshire, or at Stradbroke, in Suffolk, in the end of the twelfth century. His parents were so poor, that, when a boy, he was obliged to do the meanest offices, and even to beg his bread; till the Mayor of Lincoln, struck with his appearance, and the quickness of his answers to certain questions, took him into his family, and put him to school. Here his ardent love of learning, and admirable capacity for acquiring it, soon appeared, and procured him many patrons, who enabled him to prosecute his studies, first at Cambridge, afterwards at Oxford, and at last at Paris. In these three famous seats of learning, he spent many years in the most indefatigable pursuit of knowledge, and became one of the best and most universal scholars of the age. He was

master not only of the French and Latin, but also of the Greek and Hebrew languages, which was a very rare accomplishment in those times. Roger Bacon, who was intimately acquainted with him, says, that he spent much of his time for almost forty years, in the study of geometry, astronomy, optics, and other branches of mathematical learning, in all which he very much excelled. Theology was his favourite study, in which he read lectures at Oxford with great applause. In the mean time, he obtained several preferments in the church, and was, at length, elected and consecrated Bishop of Lincoln, A. D. 1235. In this station he soon became very famous, by the purity of his manners, the popularity of his preaching, the vigour of his discipline, and the boldness with which he reprov'd the vices and opposed the arbitrary mandates of the court of Rome; of this last we shall give one example. Pope Innocent IV. had granted to one of his own nephews, named Frederick, who was but a child, a provision to the first canon's place in the church of Lincoln that should become vacant; and sent a bull to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Innocent, then papal legate in England, commanding them to see the provision made effectual; which they transmitted to the Bishop of Lincoln. But that brave and virtuous prelate, boldly refused to obey this unreasonable mandate and sent an answer to the papal bull, containing the following severe reproach against his holiness for abusing his power: "If we except the sins of Lucifer and Antichrist, there neither is, nor can be, a greater crime, nor any thing more contrary to the doctrine of the gospel, or more odious and abominable in the sight of Jesus Christ, than to ruin and destroy the souls of men, by depriving them of the spiritual aid and ministry of their pastors. This crime is committed by those who command the benefices intended for the support of able pastors to be bestowed on those who are incapable of performing the pastoral office. It is impossible, therefore, that the holy apostolic see, which received its authority from the Lord Jesus Christ, for edification, and not for destruction, can be guilty of such a crime, or any thing approaching to such a crime, so hateful to God, and so hurtful to men. For this would be a most manifest corruption and abuse of its authority, which would forfeit all its glory, and plunge it into the pains of hell."

Upon reading this letter, his holiness became frantic with rage, and threatened to make the Bishop an object of terror and astonishment to the whole world. "How dare," said he, "this old, deaf, doating fool, disobey my commands? Is not his master, the King of England, my subject, or rather my slave? Cannot he cast into prison, and crush him in a moment?" But the cardinals brought the pope to think more calmly, and to take no notice of this letter. "Let us not (said they) raise a tumult in the church without necessity, and precipitate that revolt and separation from us, which we know must one day take place." Remarkable words, when we reflect when, and by whom, they were spoken! The Bishop did not long survive this noble stand against the gross corruptions and tyranny of the church of Rome. He fell sick at his castle of Rugden that same year; and, sensible that his death was drawing near, he called his clergy into his apartment, and made a long discourse to them, to prove that the reigning pope Innocent IV. was Antichrist. With this exertion, his strength was so much exhausted, that he expired soon after, October 9, 1253.

A contemporary historian says, "He was a free and bold reprimander of the pope and the king; an admonisher of the prelates; a corrector of the monks; an instructor of the clergy; a supporter of the studious; a censor of the incontinent; a scourge and terror to the court of Rome; a diligent searcher of the scriptures; and a frequent preacher to the people. At his table he was hospitable, polite, and cheerful. In the church he was contrite, devout, and solemn; and, in performing all the duties of his office, he was venerable, active, and indefatigable." The illustrious Roger Bacon, who had the best opportunity of forming a true judgment of the extent of his learning, by perusing his works, and by frequently conversing with him, hath given this testimony in his favour. "Robert Grouthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and his friend, friar Adam de Marisco, are the two most learned men in the world, and excel all the rest of mankind both in divine and human knowledge." This excellent prelate was a very voluminous writer, and composed a prodigious number of treatises on a great variety of subjects in philosophy and divinity, a catalogue of which is given by Bate.

POETRY.

FROM BARTON'S POETIC VIGILS.

SABBATH DAYS.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Tho' briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

INSTALLATION.

In Portage Co. Ohio, Sept. 9th, was installed the Rev. JOHN THEYS, (formerly of Wolcott, Con.) as pastor of the first Congregational Society in Tallmadge. The public exercises were performed as follows:—Introductory prayer, by the Rev. J. Merrian; Sermon, by the Rev. C. Pitkin; Installing prayer, by the Rev. J. Senard; Charge to the Pastor, by the Rev. J. Treat; Right hand of fellowship, by the Rev. C. B. Storrs; Address to the people, by the Rev. W. Hanford; Concluding prayer, by the Rev. J. Shaler.

The congregation in Tallmadge is the only one in Portage Co. that has made arrangements to employ the whole time of their minister. The same congregation is now erecting a spacious and elegant Meeting-House. May the Divine Spirit, without whose sanctifying influence Churches are built and Ministers are settled in vain, accompany these important and well directed efforts!

[Communicated.]

In passing, a few days since, through a country town in New-Hampshire in which I was a stranger, I called at a house to inquire the way, and found it to be the residence of a pious aged clergyman with whom I had formerly had some acquaintance. He was sitting alone in an arm-chair with a Tract in his hand—he laid it down and received me very cordially; and while he spoke, I observed his eyes were filled with tears. He took the little book, which I found to be the *American Tract Magazine*, and said to me, "Have you seen this?" (pointing to the story of *Dame Cross*.) I have been crying over it." During the few moments I tarried in the house, he very tenderly adverted to his family afflictions; and his whole deportment seemed to say, in an affecting manner, that he wished he had the same pious resignation as was exhibited by the poor woman of whom he had been reading. He spoke of the kindness and sympathy he had received from a friend who had spent the preceding day with him,

which was the Sabbath, performed three public services, and left him the Magazine he then held in his hand. I soon left him, and as I proceeded on my way, many pleasing thoughts passed through my mind in connexion with the good man and his Tract; and I was resolved to avail myself of the privilege of reading the story which had given him so much consolation, and to invite my neighbours and friends to unite with me in subscribing for the work. I found my friends ready to co-operate, and must now request you to forward me five copies.—*Tract Magazine*.

THE LIFE OF MAN AND INSECTS.

There are a great many insects which enjoy being only for a single day; which having come into life with the advancing, leave it again with the descending sun.—There are others, whose period of life is extended to a season; over whom spring and summer and autumn pass, and they are known no more! Man is a being, not indeed of a day, or of a single season, yet in all the successive stages of his existence, in his progression, perfection, and decay, the similarity of his destiny is obvious and striking. The life of an insect is that of a man in miniature. There is a morning, a noon-day, and an evening; a spring, a summer, and an autumn in the limited biography of both!

"Our life is ever on the wing,
And death for ever nigh!
The moment that our lives begin,
We all begin to die!"

WATTS.

EMULATION.

Lately passing through one of our villages on what is usually called *training day*, I walked out on the green plat in front of the meeting-house, to mingle with the crowd, and with them to gaze at a company of Infantry under parade. I was soon lost among the group of spectators, and almost forgot that I was a stranger. Soon all huddled and pushed and crowded together to see two men fight. They had stripped off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, were drawing long breaths, and evidently trying to work themselves up into a passion. All the boys and loungers were encouraging the combatants by clapping their hands, throwing up their hats, shouting, &c. Still neither seemed ready to strike the first blow. A large ring was formed around them. They were large, over-grown fellows, and stood in the ring, doubling their fists, and swearing like pirates.—While all were waiting to see these bullies fight, and all knew them cowards, and all despised their swaggering and swearing, I noticed a little fair-faced, white-headed boy whisper his next neighbour, as he cocked his hat on one side of his head, and clenched his little fist—"I wish I was as big as that big man, and dared to swear so!"—Query—Would that boy have been as desirous of emulating a virtuous example?—and would a virtuous example have produced as deep an impression on his mind?—*Bost. Tel.*

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Consociation of the Western District of New-Haven County, is to be held in the parish of Amity on the 6th of October next, at 9 o'clock, A. M. On the following day, at 9 o'clock, A. M. the Auxiliary Missionary Society within the limits of the Association of said District, is to hold its Anniversary in said place.

Several addresses on the occasion are expected to be delivered, at the close of which the Lord's Supper is to be administered that christian brethren present, belonging to different churches, may have an opportunity of communing together in that holy ordinance. The churches are expected to appoint their delegates to represent them in both bodies, without further orders.

ERASTUS SCRANTON, Secretary.

Orange, Sept. 20, 1824.

Terms of the *Intelligencer*.—In advance, \$2.50. Seven copies, \$2, with an allowance of 10 per cent. to agents.

CONTENTS.—NO. 17.

Palestine Mission—Journal of Mr. Fisk	257	Saluda Association	265	Coming to Town	270
Journal of Mr. King	259	Slavery in Illinois	ib.	Revival of Religion in Moreau, N. Y.	ib.
Extracts from the Rev. Mr. Brantley's Sermons	260	Ordination	ib.	Memoir of a distinguished Prelate of the Twelfth Century	271
Account of a Remarkable Sermon	262	Academic Record	ib.	Poetry—The Sabbath	272
General Association of N. Hampshire	263	Great Osage Mission	266	Installation	ib.
Loss of the Ship Fame	264	Journal of Mr. Montgomery	ib.	The Life of Men and Insects	ib.
		Catawagus	267	Emulation	ib.
		Encouraging Prospects	268		
		Dying Counsel	269		